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THE  
LUTRIN:

AN  
Heroi Comical Poem.

IN SIX CANTOS.

By Monsieur *BOILEAU*.

To which is Prefix'd,  
Some ACCOUNT of the Author's WRITINGS, and  
this TRANSLATION:

By N. ROWE, Esq;

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected and Revis'd by  
the last PARIS Edition.

GLASGOW,

PRINTED BY ROBERT & ANDREW FOULIS

MDCC LII.



# MUTRIN

A N

Historical Form.



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Some Account of the Author's Works, and  
his Translations.

By N. R. O. W. E. Esq.

The Fourth Edition, Corrected and Revised by  
the Author's Son.

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To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Lord *H A L I F A X*,

**Y**OUR lordship is not to be inform'd of the great reputation Monsieur Boileau has acquir'd by all his works. They are esteem'd so nice in themselves, that it has been thought by some as rash an attempt to translate this French author, as for an English general to attack an army of theirs. The late successes of some campaigns have sufficiently prov'd that their Heroes are not invincible; and the happy imitations of some of their best pieces, that their writers are not incomparable. Not that I'm so vain as to imagine the following translation deserves to be mention'd in the same breath with some I cou'd name. But certain it is, the French genius may be match'd (if not surpass'd) in both, the pen as well as the sword; whatever exalted notions to the contrary some among us may have, who could relish slavery itself, if it were but French. I do not intend any thing to the disadvantage of our enemy's wit and knowledge, but only to put the matter in a way of issue, and let the country try it. I have endeavour'd, with the assistance of my friends, to do Monsieur Boileau all possible justice in this celebrated piece of his, the *LUTRIN*. I hope I have us'd him

with that civility which is due to one of the first figures in the commonwealth of learning; I was going to say, with that generosity our countrymen treat his at Litchfield and Nottingham.

But, my lord, if it really be so bold an undertaking to translate the LUTRIN, it is unpardonably worse to offer it to your lordship, whose penetration is equal to your noble birth; and yet both yield to the prevalence of your good temper: which with a like indulgence, receives the homage of all sorts of persons.

Upon this foundation I presum'd to set your lordship's name on the frontispiece of this work; to be to it, what you are to your country, its ornament and protection.

If ever your lordship shall alienate so much of your time from the publick good, as to read this poem; you will find in it very great, but necessary variations from the original, whether for the better or the worse, I submit to you, from whose judgment there is no appeal.

Nothing checks and deadens the fancy more, than a too superstitious respect for the original, especially in poetry: it is commonly the cause that an idolatrous translation (as La Motte calls such a one) endeavouring too exactly to render all the beauties of his author, gives you in truth never a one. Every minute circumstance of a thought cannot be preserv'd with any tolerable grace, nor indeed is it necessary; provided the translator makes amends for his neglect of what is less important, by improving, and if possible by refining upon essentials: which is better done by studying the genius, and copying the tour and air of an author, than



## THE DEDICATION.

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in adhering to a scrupulous detail of phrases, ever flat and disagreeable.

Thus a translation may be excellent, and by this an equitable reader may judge of its merit. A picture is but the translation of a face; yet if Apelles or Lyfippus shall attempt an Alexander, posterity will pay an equal veneration to the artist and the hero.

Translation, in general, besides its useful communicative character to recommend it, and other arguments that may be brought in its behalf, comes back'd with what most arts and sciences pretend to, Antiquity.

Did not Terence divert the Romans with the original comedies of the Greek Menander, turn'd into Latin, which serves as a standard at this day? And by what remains of Alcaeus and some other Lyricks, 'tis evident how much Horace himself was oblig'd to the Greeks, not by copying the measure of their numbers, but by imitating the express sense of the authors. To bring it nigher home: we at this day read Ben Johnson's Catiline, and other plays of his, with pleasure; yet those who converse with Tully, know who furnish'd him with his rhetorick.

I expect the criticks will fall upon me for writing in this manner to your lordship, as if I was giving you a lesson instead of a dedication. I must confess it looks something like it. But I rather chuse to repeat to your lordship 'what you already know,' than give a catalogue of your perfections and excellencies, 'which all the world knows.'

Monsieur Boileau calls this poem of his, *Heroi-Comique*, mock-heroick; that is, a ridiculous action made considerable in heroick verse.

If I distinguish right, there are two sorts of Burlesque: the first, where things of mean figure and slight concern appear in all the pomp and bustle of an epick poem; such is this of the LUTRIN. The second sort is where great events are made ridiculous by the meanness of the character, and the oddness of the numbers; such is the Hudibras of our excellent Butler.

Boileau, like Horace, was born equally for satire and for praise. The LUTRIN partakes of both. The satirical part, as 'tis very severe upon those of his own church, so I hope it is applicable to the Romish clergy only, and none other.

As for the panegyrick so frequent in it, I know not why they should not as well become the Queen of France as the French king; the prince of Mindelheim, as the prince of Condé; and the Atticus of Dr. Garth, as the Aristus of Boileau.

*I am your Lordship's most obedient*

*and most humble servant,*

JOHN OZELL.

SOME  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
BOILEAU's Writings,

And this Translation.

To Mr. \*\*\*\*\*

SIR,

**I**F criticizing other people's works, especially living and late authors, were not a task that I am by no means inclin'd to; I should have sooner answer'd your desire, and told you what I thought of monsieur Boileau's *Lutrin*, and the translation of it into English verse; which you did me the favour to send me in writing.

M. Boileau and his works, especially this of his *Lutrin*, are of so great a name in the world, that I think it a pretty bold attempt to endeavour to translate him; not but that I must confess, I know but few hands cou'd have succeeded better than this gentleman has done.

## 8      SOME ACCOUNT OF BOILEAU,

Amongst that little that I have read of the French poetry, Monsieur Boileau seems to me without comparison to have had the finest and the truest taste of the best authors of antiquity; his violent passion for 'em, and famous disputes in their behalf, are too well known to be told over again now. It is very certain, that he had 'em so perpetually in his eye, that he form'd most of his poetical writings so closely after their models, that in many of 'em, especially his satires, he can hardly pretend to the honour of any thing more, than having barely translated them well; and I am apt to believe, that if the design of the *Lutrin* be entirely his own, and modern, it is because there was nothing in the antient poetry of this kind for him to draw after. However, it is very plain, that, even in this, Virgil has been of great use to him, and supply'd him with some of his finest images. To mention one particular only, every body may see, that his Fury who sets the good people at Paris together by the ears, is a manifest copy of *Alecto* in the seventh *Aeneid*; or indeed is rather taken from *Juno* and *Alecto* together, as both contriving and executing the mischief her self. I won't pretend to give you a critical account of this kind of Mock-Heroick poetry, if it can be call'd a kind, that is so new in the world, and of which we have had so few instances. I call it new, because I take \* *La Secchia Rapita*

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\* *La Secchia Rapita*: The Rape of the Bucket, says Mr. Dryden in his preface to *Juvenal*, is an Italian satire of the *Varronian* kind: the words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestic and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau has mo-

of Tassoni to be the first of this sort that was ever written, or at least that ever I heard of. As for Homer's battle of the Frogs and Mice, I take that only to be a tale or fable, like those of Aesop, amongst which it is to be found; and ought rather to be rank'd among the writings of the Mythologists, than those of the poets. Whatever name or title the criticks may be pleas'd to dignify or distinguish this sort of writing with, I am sure it has had the good fortune to be very well receiv'd: the reputation of the *Lutrin* in France, and the *Dispensary* in England, are two of the best modern instances of success in poetry that can be given.

And since I have mention'd those two poems together, it may not be improper to observe, that in the latter of 'em, tho' writ upon a very different subject, there are some passages that are plainly imitations, or indeed even translations of the former: those who will take the trouble to compare 'em, now they are both in one language, will be best able to judge how near the translator of the *Lutrin* comes to the beauties which all the world has so justly admir'd in Dr. Garth.

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stell'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. Thus far M. Dryden.

To which we shall add, that Tassoni in the first edition call'd it only *La Secchia*; but in the future editions was added the word *Rapita*: not only because it was suitable to the subject, but because it was so greedily bought up, that people did as it were ravish them from each other, says Burgiotti in his preface to Ant. Barberini, nephew to Pope Urban VIII.

The learned Leo Allatius, in his *Apium Urbanarum Recensio*, says of the said poem; 'Lepidissimum poema, saepius ac in multis locis editum.' It is lately english'd by Mr. Ozell.



I won't venture to say this translation is the most correct and finish'd piece of its kind that we have; but I believe most people will allow, that the author of it is perfectly master of Boileau, and in some places has even improv'd him: to mention that only of,

*Dans le Reduit obscur, &c. i. e.*

*Deep in the Covert of a dark Alcove,*

Canto I.

and so on for a dozen verses; where I think the English at least equal, if not superior to the French.

The general turn of his verse is agreeable, his diction poetical, and very proper to the subject; and whatever faults there may be, they are merely verbal, and may very well be receiv'd under that good-natur'd allowance which Horace makes for those

*Quas aut incuria fudit,*

*Aut humana parum cavit Natura.*

That which indeed to me seems most liable to an exception, is, that the gentleman has taken the liberty in some places to depart from his author, and to substitute other persons and things in the room of those which he has left out or chang'd; and that while he still retains the original story, and keeps the scene at Paris, he makes use of the names of men and books in England, unknown to and unthought of by Monsieur Boileau: and particularly in the Battle of the Books, where he makes use of some French and some English. I could have wish'd indeed, they had all belong'd to

one nation: for tho' the satire upon our own countrymen is very just and entertaining, yet I must always think the poem would have look'd more of a piece, if the names had been all as they are in the original; or that else removing the action and scene entirely into England, the names of persons, places, etc. had been all English, and so the whole had been rather an imitation than a translation of Monsieur Boileau.

After all, I am sensible that it may be easily enough reply'd in defence of the translation, that as it is intended for English readers, and more especially for those who don't understand French, so a long bead-roll of dull French authors, who are grown into such contempt, that they are hardly read, or ever known in their own country, would be but an odd entertainment to people here, who never heard of 'em before. Besides, it must be allow'd, that one may very easily apprehend the pleasantry of the satire in the original, by the translator's mustering up a set of English authors of equal degree, and like kind of dulness with those mention'd by Monsieur Boileau.

As for the objection of his having chang'd the persons, I believe a subject of Great-Britain may be very easily forgiven, if the love of his country, and the just honour which he has for his sovereign, led him to apply those handsome compliments to the Queen, which the author makes to the king of France in some of the Canto's, and in others that of the prince of Condé to the duke of Marlborough.

It is not the first time that justice has divested that monarch of honours which he had long assum'd to himself, to place 'em more worthily upon her majesty:

12 SOME ACCOUNT OF BOILEAU, etc.

nor is it now only that his Grace has been adorn'd with the spoils of a French general. The praise is, I am sure, at least as highly deserv'd, and as justly given by the English as the French poet. And indeed I think the whole translation to be so well done in the main, and so entertaining, that what little faults are in it, if there are any, ought not to be taken notice of, for the sake of the beauties. Nor had I taken the liberty to say what I have said of it, if it had not been to give you a proof of an exact sincerity in every thing where you ask my real opinion.

I am,

L O N D O N,

April the 24th,

1708.

S I R,

Your humble servant,

N. ROWE.

Monfieur BOILEAU's

## P R E F A C E.

**T**WERE in vain now to deny that the following poem was occasion'd by a petty quarrel that happen'd in one of the most celebrated \* churches of Paris, between the treasurer of the relicks, and the master of the choir; otherwise call'd the Prelate and the Chanter. [The latter it seems being a man of a forward inicroaching spirit, had made some steps towards an invasion of the rights and privileges of the former; which he not brooking, and being resolv'd to humble him, bethought himself of setting up in the choir a sort of a reading-desk (LUTRIN) upon the very overture of the chanter's seat, and so block him up.] The fact is true, and that's all. The rest is mere fiction from the beginning to the end; and all the actors in it are not only invented, but industriously drawn quite opposite to the true character of the ministers of that church; who for the most part, especially the canons, are men of great virtue and as much wit. There's one among't 'em, whose opinion I would as willingly have upon my performances, as of a great many gentlemen of the Academy. 'Tis not therefore to be won-

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\* Call'd la Sainte Chapelle.

der'd, that no body took offence at this poem, since in truth no body is attack'd by it. A spendthrift is not troubled to see a miser expos'd; nor does a religious person resent the ridiculing of a rake. I shall not mention how I was engag'd in this trifle upon a kind of jocular challenge made me by the late Monsieur Lamignon, whom I paint under the name of Aristus. A particular narration of this matter, does not seem to be at all necessary. But I should think I did my self a great deal of wrong, to let slip this opportunity of informing those who are ignorant of it, how much I was honour'd with that great man's friendship, during his life. I began to be known to him at the time when my satires made the greatest noise; and the obliging access he gave me into his illustrious family, was a very advantageous apology in my behalf, against those who were minded to accuse me of libertinism and ill morals. He was a man of an amazing knowledge, and a passionate admirer of all the good books of antiquity; and this was what made my works the more tolerable to him, fancying he perceiv'd in 'em some taste of the antients. His piety was unfeign'd, and yet had nothing in it that was stiff or troublesome. He was not at all frighten'd at the title of my works, satires, where in truth he found only verses and authors expos'd. He was pleas'd often to commend me for having purg'd this sort of poetry from that obscenity and filth, which till then, had been as it were peculiar to it. Thus I had the good fortune not to be disagreeable to him. He let me into all his pleasures and diversions, that is to say, his studies and retirements. He favour'd me sometimes even with his strictest confidence, and



open'd to me the inmost recesses of his soul. ' And  
' what did not I see there !' what a surprizing treasure  
of probity and justice ! what an inexhaustible fund of  
piety and zeal ! tho' the outward lustre of his virtue  
was exceeding great, it was infinitely brighter within ;  
and 'twas visible how carefully he temper'd the rays of  
it, not to wound the eyes of an age so corrupt as ours.  
I was sincerely struck with so many admirable quali-  
ties ; and as he always discover'd a great deal of kind-  
ness for me, so I ever return'd it with the strongest de-  
votion for him. The respects I paid him, were not  
mixt with any mercenary leaven of self-interest ; and I  
made it more my business to profit by his conversation,  
than his credit at court. He died at the time when this  
friendship was in its highest point of perfection ; and  
the remembrance of so great a loss afflicts me daily.  
Why must those who are so worthy to live, be so soon  
snatch'd from the world, whilst the worthless and unde-  
serving are crown'd with length of days ? I shall say no  
more upon so sad a subject, lest I wet with tears the  
preface of a work purely jocular.

opened to me the richest recesses of his soul. And what did not I behold? What a surprising treasure of piety and talent! what an inexhaustible fund of piety and zeal! the outward lustre of his virtue was exceeding great; it was infinitely brighter within; and I was visible how carefully he repressed the rays of it, not to wound the eyes of an age so corrupt as ours. I was sincerely struck with so many admirable qualities; and as he always discovered a great deal of kindness for me, so I ever returned it with the strongest veneration for him. The respects I paid him, were not only without any necessary tawdry or self-interest; and I made it one of my business to profit by his conversation, than his credit as a courtier. He died at the time when this friendship was in its highest point of perfection; and the remembrance of so great a loss afflicts me daily. We must those who are so worthy to live, be so soon snatch'd from the world, whilst the worldlings and undervaluing are crown'd with length of days! I shall say no more upon so sad a subject, lest I wet with tears the jacket of a work partly facetious.

# THE \* L U T R I N .

## C A N T O I.

**A** RMS and the PRIEST I sing, whose martial soul  
No labour cou'd abate, nor fear controul;  
Active it urg'd his outward man to dare  
The various hazards of a pious war.  
Nor did th' immortal prelate's rage recoil,  
Till victory had crown'd his hardy toil:  
Till his gay eyes sparkling with fluid fire,  
Beheld the desk resplendish in the choir.  
In vain the Chanter and the Chapter strove;  
Twice they essay'd the fatal desk to move:  
As oft the prelate, with unweary'd pain,  
Fix'd it to his proud rival's seat again.

MUSE, let the Holy Warriors rage be sung;  
Why sacred minds infernal furies stung:  
What spark inflam'd the zealous rival's heat,  
How Heavenly breasts with human passions beat!

AND thou, illustrious † hero, whose command  
Asswag'd the fire, whose salutary hand  
With more than Aesculapian art cou'd heal  
The Schism-sick church, and stop the growing ill;

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\* This poem was written by the author in 1673. he being then thirty nine years old.

† M. Lamoignon, premier president,

Propitious o'er these sacred numbers shine,  
 With thy bright influence aid the great design;  
 And as you deign a willing ear to lend,  
 Religiously th' important tale attend.

**M**IDST the soft pleasures of fraternal peace,  
 Basking in plenty and dissolv'd in ease,  
 Paris her antient chappel long had seen  
 Florid in years, and in her autumn green.  
 Her lusty canons rosy beauties grace,  
 And brilliant health crimsons each ruddy face:  
 Fatten'd with holy inactivity,  
 Soft as their furs deep sunk in down they lie;  
 While there the sacred sluggards waste the day  
 In sweet repose—— by deputy they pray.  
 They only watch'd that they might relish rest,  
 And never fasted, but to make a feast.  
 Unhealthy Mattins wisely they decline,  
 And substitute a Journeyman-Divine.

When Discord rose, a squalid guilty shade,  
 Black as her crimes, in sable night array'd;  
 Soft Peace with horror view'd the ghastly spright,  
 And trembling, fled her inauspicious sight.  
 The livid fury her dire course had run,  
 From church to church her visitation gone;  
 Then at the noisy hall's litigious bar  
 She stopp'd, and smil'd to see the gown'd war;  
 Pleas'd with her wond'rous work a while she stood  
 In contemplation, and pronounc'd it good.

In countless shoals her faithful \* Normans flow;  
 Normans whose breasts perpetual tempests blow;  
 Squadrons of lawyers here, drive o'er the plain,  
 And clients there, the dreadful charge sustain;  
 The lord, clown, senator, fop, bully, cit,  
 Mingling in one vexatious jargon fight;  
 Round Themis every standard they display,  
 And in the wordy strife consume the day.

The fury raising then her baleful head,  
 O'er the Parisian tow'rs her venom shed;  
 Unshaken yet beholds one church alone,  
 But one, that peaceful durst her pow'r disown.  
 Sacred to pious ease this temple stood  
 Unhook by tempests in a raging flood:  
 Of all her numerous sisters, only she  
 Enjoy'd an undisturb'd tranquility.

The Fiend, at sight of this offensive peace,  
 Grins horrible, she howls, her serpents hiss;  
 Then lashing her thin form, strong poison fills  
 Her mouth, with vengeance her lean bosom swells;  
 Her eyes in streams of livid lightning glow,  
 Distraction sits malignant on her brow.  
 Have then, said she, (and as the fury spoke,  
 The trembling windows jarr'd, the houses shook)  
 Have my resistless fires these hundred years  
 Inflam'd the Carmelites, the Cordeliers?  
 Did not the Celestines my fury feel?  
 Cou'd great St. Austin's order me repel?  
 Have I involv'd in feuds the ministry?  
 Have I made convocations disagree?

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\* *Litigious to a Proverb.*



And shall this church alone rebellious dare  
 Cherish eternal peace, when I bid war?  
 And am I Discord? then may tumult cease,  
 If I've no pow'r to blast her boasted peace:  
 To hated quiet let mankind return,  
 Nor on my sacred altars incense burn.

She said, and straight assum'd a Chanter's dress;  
 Such was her shape, so formal in her pace:  
 Her warlike visage rich in rubies shines,  
 Painted with the best blood of generous vines.  
 Thus dress'd, she to the sleeping prelate flies,  
 In this dissembled form deceives his eyes.

Deep in the covert of a dark alcove,  
 Form'd for the idle gods of sleep and love,  
 A downy couch is rais'd with wond'rous care,  
 At great expence secur'd from noxious air:  
 Curtains in double folds around it run,  
 And bar all entrance of th' intruding sun;  
 Artfully rais'd to lull each softer sense,  
 Devoted to the goddess Indolence.  
 In idle riot there she keeps her court,  
 There airy visions, wanton phantoms sport.  
 Here negligently dreaming out the day,  
 Dissolv'd in ease the holy sluggard lay,  
 Strengthen'd with an immoderate morning meal,  
 The glutton batten'd till the dinner-bell:  
 Youth in its flow'ry bloom with vernal grace  
 Shone in his eyes, and brighten'd on his face;  
 His chin enormous, overspreads his chest,  
 In three deep folds descending on his breast:  
 There doz'd the leaden lump of slumbring fat,  
 While the press'd cushions groan beneath the weight.

The fury entring, saw the table spread,  
In artful order elegantly laid:  
She recogniz'd the church, and thus address'd,  
With her delusive words, the sleeping priest.

Prelate arise, quit this inglorious down,  
Or the proud Chanter will thy power disown:  
He sings Oremus, he processions makes,  
With his resounding voice the chappel shakes:  
Without thy leave thy blessings he bestows,  
His mouth with endless benedictions flows.  
Do'st thou then wait till this invader's hand  
Seizes thy mitre, takes thy high command?  
Shake off these idle bonds, or all you lose;  
Renounce thy bishoprick, or thy repose.

She spoke, and her infectious breath inspires  
His troubled bosom with contentious fires:  
The drouzy prelate at her words revives,  
Confus'd and frighten'd, ' but his blessing gives.'

As wounded by a wasp, have I beheld  
A sturdy bull, lord of the flow'ry field;  
Unus'd to pain till then, in amorous play  
He lov'd and eat, and wanton'd out the day:  
But now, impatient, loves and feeds no more,  
The neighbouring forests tremble at his roar;  
With deep-fetch'd bellowing the noble beast  
Exhales his spirits, and torments his breast,  
At the vile insect that disturbs his rest.

So the gall'd prelate's rage no balm can heal,  
The servants first his rising fury feel;  
His rage grows high, and kindling by degrees,  
From his stung bosom drives inactive peace.

He dresses, and, O horror ! makes a vow,  
 Tho' dinner waits, he to the choir will go.  
 Wife Gilotin his chaplain vainly strove,  
 With sage advice, this rash resolve to move;  
 Counsel'd, intreated, every danger told;  
 ' That then 'twas noon, that dinner wou'd be cold.'

What more than frantick rage (said he) now reigns ?  
 What wild Capricio's hurry round your brains ?  
 Support your lustre better, think at least  
 A rich laborious prelate is a jest:  
 Let a full meal this uselefs rage expel;  
 Sharpen your appetite, and blunt your zeal;  
 This is no ember-week, the church commands  
 No fast ; impose not then these rigid bands.  
 Great Sir, resume your senses and your food,  
 ' A dinner heated twice was never good.'

Thus Gilotin——then pointing, shew'd his lord  
 The smoaking soup attending on the board:  
 The prelate struck with reverence and delight,  
 Stood silent, conquer'd by the pleasing sight.  
 Victorious pottage stopt his eager haste;  
 Soften'd his rage, and broke his three hours fast.  
 Yet inward fury struggling with his meat,  
 Oppos'd the passage of each luscious bit.  
 Good Gilotin express'd in groans his care,  
 And politickly spreads the growing fear.  
 His Partizans the dreadful news receive,  
 And feeling own a sympathetick grief;  
 In numerous troops to their lov'd patron fly,  
 And bravely swear to conquer or to die.

Thus \* when the fierce Pigmean army crouds  
The banks of † Heber, or † Strimonian floods;  
The haughty cranes round their known leader swarm,  
And their invincible battalions form.

Pleas'd with the sight, the Prelate roll'd his eyes,  
Confess'd his new-born joy, and strove to rise:  
His colour grows again, his voice receives  
Its antient tone, and the whole man revives.  
The lusty gammon reassumes its place,  
He scans and blesses every friendly face.  
Then to the general health a goblet swills;  
Each man the great example takes and fills:  
The \* cruise bled pure vermilion nectar round,  
And the desert their entertainment crown'd.

And now the orator prepares to speak:  
Hegroans as if his mighty heart would break,  
Then in a voice to his misfortunes bent,  
Thus in a proper tone began his plaint.

Illustrious partners of my long fatigues,  
You sole supporters of my pious leagues;  
By whose assistance I at last am made  
Of a mad Chapter the exalted head:  
To your incessant services I own  
All the rich honours that emboss my gown;  
And can you unconcern'd with equal eyes,  
Behold my rival, and confirm his joys?  
Must I, the creature of your wisdom, fall  
A sacrifice to that proud chanting Baal?

\* Homer. *Iliad*. iii. v. 6. † River of Old Thrace.  
‡ River of Thrace. • A church-vessel.

Will you my cause, and your own right deny?  
Can you and angry heaven stand neuter by?  
(This morn a sacred vision I beheld;  
A deity these fatal truths reveal'd.)  
Yes, he has seiz'd the fruits of all my toil,  
And insolently glories in the spoil;  
He daily blesses the unhallow'd croud,  
Pronounces Benedicat Vos aloud.  
Horror on horror! who can speak the rest?  
Turns my own pointed weapons on my breast.

Here tears and sighs his faltering language break;  
His tears and sighs too eloquently speak:  
Redoubled sobs stopt the respiring breath;  
His visage darken'd, choler strove with death:  
But Gilotin the fierce attack withstood,  
And a full bowl repell'd the rising blood.

When Sidrac came, age lengthen'd out his way,  
(A crutch confirms his languid limbs decay)  
Four ages in this peaceful choir he told;  
Knew men and manners well, was wise and bold;  
And this rare knowledge did his merit raise,  
From sexton to the vestry-keeper's place.  
He saw the sinking prelate, guess'd his grief,  
And with paternal care brought swift relief.

Then thus the Reverend Sire——Prelate revive;  
To the dull Chanter useless sorrow give:  
Arise, resume thy spirits, and thy power;  
I will thy injur'd empire's rights restore:  
Collect thy judgment, and attend with care;  
What heaven and heavenly powers inspire me, hear.

Where now that supercilious Chanter rears  
His harden'd front, that source of all thy cares,



In antient days a well-known desk of wood,  
Fram'd of unequal structure, firmly stood;  
At th' end o' th' choir, on thy left hand 'twas plac'd,  
And its large sides a spacious shadow cast.  
Behind this work the humble Chanter sat  
In an obscure invisible retreat:  
When, like the sun, unrival'd and alone,  
Attracting every eye, the prelate shone;  
Whether some daemon, to the desk a foe,  
Or nightly force combin'd its overthrow;  
Or was it Destiny's unerring hand  
That pre-ordain'd it should no longer stand:  
One fatal morning with surprizing noise,  
The great machine fell down before our eyes;  
In vain we at the angry heav'ns repin'd;  
'Twas to the vestry in our sight confin'd;  
There thirty winters hid from open day,  
Forgotten, in ignoble dust it lay.

Hear, prelate, then — when nightly mists arise,  
And veil in dim suffusion prying eyes,  
Let three elected from this friendly rout,  
And favour'd by the growing night, steal out;  
With ready zeal the broken mass rejoin,  
And to its pristine seat the desk confine.  
If in the morn the Chanter dares destroy  
Our glorious work, and damp the general joy,  
Actions on actions, suits on suits shall tell  
The church's spirit, and her servants zeal.  
Then authoriz'd by heaven you may engage;  
This is a war worthy a prelate's rage:  
Wou'd you to pray'r alone that heart confine?  
Let your great soul in ardent action shine;

Let a dull country vicar be content  
 With a long life in lazy preaching spent :  
 At Paris, Sir, you flourish——then prepare,  
 Be obstinate, vexatious, rouse to war ;  
 Be active, restless, vigilant and proud :  
 This raises you above the vulgar croud ;  
 From common crape discriminates a lord,  
 And is a prelate's charter on record :  
 Then throw your benedictions boldly round,  
 Let every place your benediction sound.  
 Bless in the Chanter's sight, and never cease,  
 With uplift palms the very Chanter bless.

This warm oration the assembly fir'd,  
 And every soul with god-like rage inspir'd :  
 The prelate with uncommon ardour mov'd,  
 In a loud out-cry Sidrac's speech approv'd ;  
 Let then (said he) a careful choice be made  
 Of three, three worthy this design to head.

Each pleads his merit to the great command,  
 Each worthy seems in this illustrious band.

Let destiny, the prelate then reply'd,  
 \* Let fortune by decisive lots provide.  
 They write ; each hopes his own immortal name  
 Will rise the foremost in this scroll of fame.  
 Twice fifteen names into small billets made ;  
 Are in a cap's round sinuous bottom laid ;  
 And that no fraud may their great hopes destroy  
 Of a just choice, they call a singing boy :  
 Young William straight the great design attends ;  
 Blushing, his artless novice-hand he lends.

---

\* Homer. *Iliad*. vii. v. 171.

The prelate with his naked hands and eyes  
 Thrice blesses all the tickets; stirs 'em thrice:  
 The infant draws: first Brontin's name appear'd;  
 They all approve the lot with due regard:  
 The prelate hop'd a lucky augury,  
 And smiling wish'd the happy Brontin joy.  
 When instantly the name, that glorious name  
 \* Lamour was drawn, belov'd by gods and fame:  
 The beauteous barber, whose long flaxen hair  
 Curl'd o'er his shoulders, as Adonis fair;  
 Nor was bright Cytherea's lovely boy  
 More the soft goddess's delight and joy  
 Than he of † Barberissa; much she lov'd,  
 Much he, and each the others flame approv'd:  
 For they were chain'd three years by love alone,  
 Before they clap'd the marriage-shackles on.  
 His cringing neighbours servilely submit  
 To this fastidious hero of the street;  
 While his hot courage flashes o'er his face,  
 And in his eyes destructive comets blaze.

One undetermin'd lot did yet remain;  
 The prelate mingles, shakes 'em well again.

All croud and watch the draught with eager haste,  
 Each hopes his own great name may be the last.

Oh Boirude! how shall I thy joys relate,  
 When in the prelate's eyes thou readst thy fate,  
 And saw in them thy faithful name appear?  
 Such transports, mighty Sexton, who cou'd bear?

---

\* Moliere has drawn the character of this man in his *Medecin malgré lui* (at the end of the 1st Scene.) He took hints from Mr. Boileau relating to this barber.

† *La Perruquiere*, in Boileau; the Barber's Wife.

Then thy pale face, which never blush'd before,  
 Glow'd into sanguine, and was purpled o'er;  
 Thy gouty limbs resum'd their youthful heat,  
 And every pulse with martial ardour beat.  
 Boldly thy feeble corpse attempted thrice,  
 As oft, alas! in vain essay'd to rise.

Fate has determin'd, and the joyful croud,  
 With dreadful shouts, confirm that choice aloud.

Th' assembly rises, with applauding noise  
 They slide away, and murmur out their joys,  
 Leaving the prelate with fatigue oppress'd  
 Till a full supper calm'd his moody breast,  
 And laid his anger, and his limbs, to rest.

## CANTO II.

**M**EAN time the monster of gigantick size, [eyes;  
 Hung round with opening mouths, and waking  
 Who far and wide tells what she hears, and more;  
 Trav'ling from clime to clime, from shore to shore:  
 Fame, nimble messenger, prepares to dart  
 A mortal dread on Barberissa's heart:  
 Tells how her lord, by a fond fancy led,  
 That night determin'd to forsake her bed,  
 And to erect the desk. Amaz'd to hear,  
 She first stood motionless, and froze with fear:  
 At last, confessing anger and surprize,  
 With hair dishevel'd, and with flaming eyes,  
 Her wrath no longer able to conceal,  
 She thus upbraided his officious zeal.

\* And would'st thou hide this mischief of thy mind?  
 And can no sacred vows, nor duty bind?  
 Dar'st thou then, traytor, so perfidious prove  
 To plighted faith, and Hymeneal love?  
 Are all th' indearments of a wedded life,  
 The soft embraces of a tender wife  
 (A wife, alas! just ready to expire)  
 Too weak to conquer one unkind desire?  
 False man, wert thou oblig'd to wear away  
 The tedious hours from eve to dawning day;  
 With well-form'd curls, or with dissembled hair,  
 The beau to furnish, or adorn the fair:  
 I cou'd, perhaps, without regret or pain,  
 The want of due benevolence sustain;  
 Thy absence sweetned with the hopes of gain,  
 But thus to leave your partner in the lurch,  
 With a mad zeal in favour of a church!  
 Stay, cruel man! ah! whither do you run?  
 Why the companion of your pleasures shun?  
 Have you forgot so soon? and can you see  
 These flowing streams, and not be touch'd, like me?  
 By all our kisses, by our softer nights,  
 And melting sweets of conjugal delights;  
 If ever mov'd with Barberissa's charms,  
 You took the easy victim to your arms;  
 If by no previous promises betray'd,  
 E're join'd by priest, I sell a willing maid:

---

\* *Diffimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum  
 Posse nefas?*

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam;*

*Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido.*

Virg. *Æneid.*



If those yon glimmering lamps, which roll above,  
Ne'er saw a second rival in my love:

Ah! do not go! let me your stay implore  
But for one night, and I will ask no more.

She said: the torrent of her amorous flame  
Threw on a trusty stool the swooning dame.  
The moving sight her lord's brave soul oppress;  
Honour and Love contended in his breast,  
Till calling his known courage to his aid,  
Thus to the queen of his desires he said:  
(But with a voice which spoke divided care,  
A lover's sweetness, and a husband's air.)

Madam, should I my happiness disown,  
And joys so often reap'd from you alone;  
I should to honour a curst traitor prove,  
Unworthy of your bed, and lavish love,  
But sooner shall the distant German Rhine,  
His blended streams with Gallick Liger join,  
Or Gallia's perjur'd Monarch to fair truth incline; }  
E'er from my memory your love depart,  
So safely treasur'd in my constant heart.  
Yet think not, Hymen, when my faith I gave,  
Resign'd me to your yoke, a Woman's slave.  
Had I the power my destiny to chuse,  
I still had 'scap'd the matrimonial noose:  
Still had I revell'd, like a free-born soul,  
In lawless pleasures, and without controul.  
Away! no more your empty title plead;  
What's love, compar'd with such a noble deed?  
How will it sound, when future poets write,  
That I, by favour of the silent night, }  
The desk erected in the church's right?

Curb then your fond desires; nor seek to shock  
My solid honour, stable as a rock.

Ah! do not Barberissa's virtue stain,

Nor those fair eyes bedew with brackish rain;

Nor with ungenerous sighs protract my stay,

\* 'For Heav'n has call'd me, and I must obey.'

This said, he leaves her full of anxious fears,  
Her cheeks all delug'd with a flood of tears.

Straight the vermilion vanish'd from her face,

And the wan Lilly took the Rose's place.

Thrice to recal the savage man sh' assay'd;

But her rebellious tongue thrice disobey'd.

Then to the lofty room, which fac'd the skies,

By men the garret call'd, the weeping lady flies.

Alicia heard; straight after her she went,

Nimbly surmounting the stairs high ascent;

To shew her duty by her speedy care,

And lessens sorrow, while she takes a share.

Now had approaching night the town o'er-spread,

† And scatter'd thro' the streets a dusky shade.

The bell rings supper; th' hungry chaplains all,

Blessing the sound, and pliant to the call, [ball. }

Flock from the empty choir to the more welcome

The taverns thicken; the wet Chanter sings;

And every room with noise and nonsense rings. [eyes

Forth the brave Brontin march'd, whose watchful  
Sleep thrice in vain attempted to surprize :

\* *Et nunc Jove missus ab alto  
Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per auras.*

† *Virg. Eclog. 1. Ver. 8.*

Whom the third bottle fortify'd within,  
 Provided by the cautious Gilotin,  
 Who knew that wine made heavy burdens light,  
 And push'd the unarm'd hero to the fight.

The sexton follow'd, Boirude was his name;  
 The third in this immortal deed of fame;  
 Both fally out, kindled with honour's charms  
 To fire the slow Lamour with love of arms.  
 Let us depart, they cry'd, the day declines,  
 And to succeeding night his sway resigns:  
 Why thus dejected? whence this black chagrin  
 Which hovers o'er your eyes, and swells your spleen?  
 Art thou the man, who blam'd the tedious day,  
 And curs'd the lagging sun's unkind delay?  
 Rise, follow us; great deeds great souls inflame:  
 At this the barber blush'd with gen'rous shame.

Then to his well-fill'd magazine he flies,  
 Where many an iron weapon sacred lies,  
 Till call'd to light on some brave enterprize.  
 Some fashion'd by the skill'd Cornavians care,  
 At Birmingham, the shop of Mulciber:  
 Not like those arms of the dead-doing kind;  
 These fasten things which were before disjoin'd:  
 Like an inverted cone, of metal strong,  
 Sharp-pointed, and quadrangularly long;  
 In vulgar speech call'd Nails: of these the best  
 He chose; a hatchet his broad shoulders prest:  
 A well-tooth'd saw his brawny body bends,  
 Which, like a quiver, down his back descends.  
 Incurag'd thus, Brontin a mallet shook,  
 And Boirude a nail-driving hammer took.

Lamour's heroick steps they tread, and feel;  
 An unknown warmth, a more than human zeal.  
 Happy the wretched who implore the aid  
 Of such a leader, such a firm brigade!  
 The Moon, who spy'd their haughty march from far,  
 Withdraws her peaceful light, and aids the war.  
 Discord pursu'd them, with a fav'ring eye;  
 She grinn'd a smile, and with her hideous cry  
 Drove back the trembling clouds, and pierc'd the  
 vaulted sky.

From thence the sound descended to th' abode  
 Of the \* Citoſe, and wak'd Sloth's drouzy god.  
 There in a cell he keeps his ſilent court;  
 Around him, luke-warm lazy Genii ſport:  
 One, in a corner, kneads the fat'ning paſte,  
 Which plumps the Canon's cheeks, and ſwells his  
 brawny waſte.

Another the vermilion grinds, to paint  
 The jolly looks of mortifying ſaint:  
 There pleaſure an obſervant centry ſtands,  
 Regardful of the Deity's commands:  
 While Morpheus pours continual poppy rain;  
 (Tho' now redoubled ſhow'rs deſcend in vain)  
 Sloth at the noiſe awakes. All-covering night  
 Relates the ſtory, and improves the fright;  
 Tells how the prelate, ' with ambition fir'd,  
 ' T' heroick fame by new deſigns aſpir'd.  
 ' Near to a venerable houſe of prayer,  
 ' She ſaw three champions, who delight in war:

---

\* *Ciſtertians*. A fraternity in the Romiſh church.

' Proudly they march'd beneath her thick disguise,  
 ' Safe in their strength, secure from human eyes:  
 ' While Discord's fiery brands their souls inflame,  
 ' Who threatens here to aggrandize her name  
 ' Lo! with to-morrow's light a desk appears,  
 ' The joy of factious restive mutineers.  
 ' A thousand dangers on the tumult wait!  
 ' A thousand feuds foment the curst debate!  
 So heav'n has written in the book of fate:

She spoke: Sloth, rising from his silky bed,  
 And leaning on one arm his lumpy head;  
 While from his languid eyes a deluge ran,  
 This broken speech with feeble voice began.  
 O night, thou stab'st me with this killing news!  
 What new-born plagues does active hell produce?  
 Still do the furies throw their fiery darts?  
 Still breath fatigue and war in human hearts?  
 Ah! whither fled those happy times of peace;  
 When idle kings, dissolv'd in thoughtless ease,  
 Resign'd their scepters, and the toils of state  
 To Counts, or some inferiour magistrate:  
 Loll'd on their thrones, devoid of thought or pain;  
 And, nodding, slumber'd out a lazy reign?  
 No anxious cares did nigh the palace creep;  
 But day and night was one continu'd sleep,  
 Except the vernal month, when Flora gilds  
 The chearful valleys, and the smiling hills;  
 When the loud North his airy rule resigns  
 To gentle zephyrs, and more peaceful winds;  
 Four oxen drew with slow and silent feet  
 Th' unactive monarch to some country-seat.



But 'tis no more : that golden age is gone;  
 And an unweary'd princess fills Britannia's throne.  
 Each day she frights me with the noise of arms,  
 Slight's my embraces, and defies my charms.  
 In vain does nature, seas and rocks oppose,  
 To bar her virtue; which undaunted goes  
 Thro' Lybian burnings, and o'er Scythian snows.  
 Her name alone my trembling subjects dread,  
 Not her own cannon does more terror spread.  
 To tell the wrongs and cruelties I bear,  
 Would exercise the labour of a year.  
 I thought the church would shelter an exile,  
 Driv'n from a court, inur'd to cares and toil.  
 Vain was my thought : for now each sad recluse,  
 Monks, abbots, priors, wretched me abuse,  
 \* La Trape's grown famous by my shameful flight,  
 Nor can \* St. Denis bear my odious sight.  
 The Jesuits ever have my power defy'd;  
 Few but the dull Citoise my rule obey'd.

The † Holy Chappel, with its founder, slept,  
 And from old time its lethargy had kept.  
 Lo ! now a desk, a fatal foe to peace,  
 Strives to dislodge me from my antient ease.  
 And wilt thou, Night, lend thy officious aid  
 To cover crimes, far blacker than thy shade?  
 Wilt thou, dear partner of my lov'd repose,  
 Abet my ruin, and protect my foes?

---

\* Religious houses in and near Paris, newly reform'd.

† The scene of action where this dissension happen'd.

If e'er to thee alone I did reveal  
 The joys of love, which I from day conceal;  
 Ah! suffer not at least—here Sloth oppress'd  
 With length of words, and want of grateful rest,  
 Sunk down: his strength forsook the stupid god,  
 And to repose resign'd the lifeless load.

## CANTO III.

**O**LD Night, triumphant on a footy cloud,  
 Parent of fears, and nurse of sorrow, rode,  
 Burgundia's vinous fields she hovers round,  
 And sheds her dreary vapours o'er the ground:  
 Then towards the fair Lutetian turrets flies,  
 Distilling opiats from her humid eyes.  
 At length \* Montlerry's lofty tow'rs she shrouds,  
 Fond of those venerable old abodes;  
 The summit of whose walls stupendous height,  
 Steals by degrees from the deluded sight;  
 While the strain'd eye-balls pierce the clouds in vain,  
 And stretch their fiery beams, the vast ascent to gain.  
 The weary'd pilgrim flies the tedious view,  
 The objects follow, and his flight pursue.  
 Here crows and vultures keep their ruin'd court;  
 Here ravens and funebrous birds resort;  
 The croaking toad and bat, in om'ous squals,  
 Improve the horror of these desert walls:

---

\* An old castle near Paris, situated on a hill.

Here thirty winters aged howlet lay,  
 And claim'd a refuge from the hated-day;  
 Fruitful of evil fate the shrieker cries,  
 And by foretelling mischiefs, magnifies:  
 In this wild place retir'd to meditate,  
 Expecting night, the sober creature sat:  
 The goddess came; howlet exalts his voice,  
 Sad'ning the tuneful neighbours with his joys:  
 Complaining Progne trembles with new pains,  
 And Philomela's fears o'ercome her strains:  
 Follow me, son, said Night. The feather'd fate,  
 Rous'd at her voice, forsook his drouzy seat;  
 With heavy wings they press the thickning air,  
 And darkling their dull shades to Paris bear:  
 Here both arresting their auspicious flight,  
 On the fam'd chappel's destin'd belfry light.  
 The goddess bending from the lofty arch,  
 Observes the warriors, and regards their march.  
 The smirking barber brandishes on high  
 A bumper, which re-smiles with mutual joy:  
 Each deluging in genial juice his soul,  
 To Gilotin and Bacchus fill the bowl.

Shall they then triumph thus, the goddess said,  
 And find an easy conquest in my shade?  
 Soon these insulting miscreants shall know,  
 What to my sacred dignity they owe.

Then gravely nodding to her darling pride,  
 Her tardy wings the foggy air divide:  
 Howlet with equal pinions takes his flight,  
 And follows through thick shades his mother Night.  
 Both to the fatal Sacristy repair,  
 Where lay the dreadful business of the war:

The fullen deity now makes a stand,  
Beholds the desk, and gives this stern command:

‘ Rest here, prophetick son, in the dark womb  
‘ Of this old desk, till ripening time shall come.’

The owl assum’d his delegated place,  
And sat expecting with a sage grimace.

The champions warm’d with native heat and wine,  
Unanimous pursue the great design :  
The sacred Chappel’s marble steps ascend,  
While Bacchus does his friendly influence lend.  
The proud Piazza’s pass’d, the heroes now  
Behind ’em see the shop of fam’d Rebow ;  
There undisturb’d volum’ nous H—— sleeps,  
Him under twenty faithful locks he keeps ;  
Secure from chandlers, and devouring fire,  
The learned lumber there remains intire.

When Boirude, as the danger nearer grew,  
A tinder-box from his wide pocket drew ;  
The veiny flint and hardy steel ingage,  
Breathing in particles of fire their rage :  
\* Colliding blows the atoms disunite,  
And kindle living seeds of infant light :  
The new-born sparks a bluish flame beget,  
Which from sulphureous fumes ejaculate ;  
The waxen taper glows with borrow’d fires,  
And in a lasting bolder flame aspires.  
The heroes, with this trembling star their guide,  
(This trembling star the absent sun supply’d)  
Approach the temple ; Boirude opes the gate,  
And manfully conducts the van in state.

---

\* Virg. Georg. l. 1. v. 135. et *Aeneid* l. 1. v. 178.

As thro' the spacious solitude they steer,  
With talk they dissipate invading fear.  
The Vestry now is seen; each palid face  
Owns the tenebrous horror of the place.  
There lies the desk, dread work of wayward fate;  
A while they stand its form to contemplate:  
Till rousing 'em, aloud the barber cries,  
This spectacle is not t' amuse our eyes:  
We are not here conven'd, my friends, to stare;  
Time will not stay; the moments precious are:  
Into the middle isle convey the mass,  
And fix it on the haughty Chanter's place.  
To-morrow a plump Prelate's gloating eyes  
Shall view the triumph with uncommon joys.

Then with an arm tremendous bravely strove  
From its old post the dusty lump to move.

\* When, Oh distraction! from its hollow womb,  
Like thunder a dread voice was heard to come.  
Brontin grew stiff with freezing ague-fear,  
The Sexton's colour fled, uprose his hair;  
Lamour bemoan'd (to dastard fear betray'd)  
The want of Barberissa and his bed;  
Yet straight his courage recollects, and now  
Resolves, whate'er fate means, to stand the blow.  
When from his powdry roost the bird of night  
With fate-denouncing outcries takes his flight;  
Like statues, petrify'd with chilly fear,  
Unable to resist, they shake, they stare.  
Howlet th' illuminated wax descry'd,  
And soon extinguish'd with his wings their guide.

---

\* Aeneid. l. 3. v. 39.



Now disarray'd, confounded, they retreat,  
 Confessing by swift flight a base defeat:  
 Their nerves relax, their trembling knees in vain  
 Their bloodless bodies labour to sustain:  
 Their hair erect, and grey with sudden-fright;  
 The flying Squadron pierce the shades of night.

So meet a heedless troop of wanton boys  
 In some close corner, with unpunish'd noise;  
 Th' indocile libertines securely play,  
 In idle pastime truanting the day;  
 Far from their studious master's prying sight,  
 They give a loose to joy, and revel in delight.  
 But if stern Argus by surprize appears,  
 They quit their pleasures, and resume their fears;  
 Dreading the future birch and threatning eye,  
 In clusters from th' unfinish'd game they fly.

Discord inrag'd, beheld the routed croud,  
 And roar'd, like thunder from a broken cloud;  
 Then, to revive their hearts congeal'd with fear,  
 And rally their base souls to second war,  
 She borrow'd furly Sydrac's aged look,  
 Wrinkled her brow, and his long visage took.  
 Earthward she bent, and to the sight appears  
 Depress'd beneath the weight of fourscore years.  
 Her limbs did on a knotted staff rely,  
 And seem'd to move on springs of Chican'ry:  
 A winking taper in her hand she takes,  
 And growling, thus the timid band bespeaks,

Stop, miscreant wretches, whither wou'd you fly?  
 Here neither bloodshed is, nor enemy.  
 What! will you then for a vile bird alone  
 Your honour lose, and enterprize disown?

# CANTO III

Dare you not stand the impotent grimace  
 Of one poor owl? what wou'd you do, alas!  
 If every day like me you saw the bar,  
 And wag'd with hideous looks eternal war?  
 Friendless, solicit hard of hearing now,  
 Then stand a haughty judge's rigid brow;  
 Ear-beat, without his fee, a lawyer dead;  
 In Forma Pauperis incessant plead:  
 Believe me, sons, experience is my guide,  
 My self a Chapter su'd, the law defy'd.  
 Nor can the bar shew that tremendous look,  
 But I a hundred times have stood its shock:  
 Dauntless their forward way my body barr'd,  
 I' th' church's name demanding to be heard.  
 The church was fruitful then in great divines,  
 Souls forg'd by nature for immense designs.  
 Then penniless and friendless we could go,  
 Farther than now for love and money too.  
 In those triumphant days, the vilest head  
 A Prelate and a Chanter durst implead.  
 \* The world grows old, time runs a jaded race,  
 And worn-out nature teems with her disgrace.  
 If yet you cannot reach your fathers state,  
 At least their shining virtues emulate,  
 Think what dishonour your bright names will foul,  
 When men shall tell the fable of the owl:  
 Think how the Chanter, with indignant pride,  
 Will mock your valour, and attempt deride:  
 Howlet will be the word, a standing jest,  
 The flout of boys, and mirth of every feast,

---

\* Iliad l. 1. Nestor's Speech.

Yes, I perceive your souls no longer bear  
 These stinging thoughts ; for action then prepare :  
 Remember, Sirs, what Prelate 'tis you serve,  
 And snatch the verdant laurels you deserve ;  
 Your eyes re-sparkle with their wonted fires,  
 And each heroick breast the war requires.  
 On then ; run, fly ; immortal honour calls ;  
 And consecrates the man who bravely falls :  
 So shall the Prelate see, with wondring joy,  
 Your vengeance swift as your affront can flie.

This said, the warring goddess takes her flight,  
 Plung'd in a sudden flash of blazing light ;  
 Restoring to each breast their martial heat,  
 Fills with herself the bold Triumvirate.

So when the rescu'd Danube, Rhine, and Scheld,  
 Immortal Churchill, thee in arms beheld ;  
 The face of war soon took a brighter turn,  
 And fainting squadrons with new vigour burn :  
 Thy courage, like the universal soul,  
 Darts thro' the troops, and animates the whole.  
 Victoria yielding to superior charms,  
 Carefs'd thy standard, and embrac'd thy arms.

Asham'd and angry at their late defeat,  
 They light their taper, and their task repeat :  
 The noisy enemy flies off unhurt,  
 And what was late their terror, is their sport.  
 And now the desk the Chanter's pew ascends,  
 A shout the chappel's lofty arches rends :  
 The wormy boards, by time's corroding spight  
 Disjoin'd, the lusty mallet's blows unite ;  
 With their continu'd strokes the pews resound,  
 The vaults rebellow'd, and the organ groan'd.

Ah Chanter ! bury'd in profound repose,  
 Little thy heart the brooding mischief knows,  
 But undisturb'd by grief or anxious fear,  
 Dreams not what angry fate is doing here !  
 If in a vision yet some pow'r divine  
 Shou'd to thy sense reveal the dread design ;  
 E're thou would'st suffer that ill-shapen mass,  
 Aspiring so, to lord it in thy place ;  
 Bold as a dying martyr would'st thou come,  
 And gloriously dispute thy hapless doom :  
 Thy naked body to the nails expose,  
 And tender head to the hard hammer's blows.  
 To mummy bruise'd, thou on the spot wou'dst die,  
 And worthless life refuse with infamy.  
 But while the desk to thy disgrace does rise,  
 In silken chains thee gentle slumber ties.

Now two concluding strokes the work compleat,  
 And the hinge turns on thy unhappy seat.

## C A N T O IV.

**T**HE Sextons to their early task repair,  
 And call the yawning priests to Mattin pray'r ;  
 The bells with silver sounds the region shake,  
 Their turrets rock, and lazy Chanters wake :  
 Half rais'd at the sad din, each drouzy head  
 Sinks down oppress'd by its own native lead.

\* Their Chief alone with fancy'd terror struck  
 And scar'd by visionary forms, awoke ;

---

\* The Chanter.

At the redoubled clangor of his cries,  
 Each servant quits his down, and trembling flies.  
 First faithful Girot, with undaunted speed,  
 Appear'd before the sweating Chanter's bed:  
 Girot his shaking master's sense restor'd;  
 The worthiest servant of so good a lord!  
 Who, pleas'd domestick merit to prefer,  
 The choir's proud gate committed to his care:  
 Abroad, a stiff-neck'd haughty verger, he;  
 At home, a supple slave in livery.

My lord, said he, what trouble heaves your breast?  
 What melancholy breaks your grateful rest?  
 Wou'd you unprecedented madly run  
 To chappel, and prevent the rising sun?  
 Consider, sir; to vulgar Chanters leave  
 The pride of meriting what they receive:  
 Your genius then indulge without reserve,  
 Let wretches born for labour toil and starve.

Friend, said the Chanter, still with horror pale,  
 What can thy vain reflections now avail?  
 Here thy companionable passion join,  
 And mix thy amicable sighs with mine;  
 Thy honest heart will tremble, when it hears  
 The subject of thy dying master's fears:  
 Twice gracious Morpheus had my temples bound,  
 And in forgetful nightshade reason drown'd;  
 Intoxicating fumes had fancy warm'd;  
 And every sense to sweet repose was charm'd;  
 When, as I thought, i' th' choir with glorious grace  
 I blest'd the croud, and fill'd my wonted place,  
 Swallow'd the incense, and unrival'd bore  
 The first degree in office and in pow'r:



A gloomy smoke long rolling from afar,  
 Seem'd from the darken'd vestry to appear;  
 Forward it shot, and kindling as it came,  
 The dreadful cloud burst in a bluish flame;  
 And, O dire object! to my sight display'd!  
 A dragon, by th' assisting prelate led;  
 His head triangular: the frightful mass  
 A very reading-desk appear'd, or was.  
 When, animated by his guide, the beast  
 Darting at me, up-rais'd his monstrous crest.  
 In vain I trembling fled, cry'd out in vain,  
 Till kindly sleep relax'd his gentle chain.  
 I can no more ——— possess'd with panick dread;  
 In my pale eyes the sequel may be read.

Ah, sir, said Girot smiling, noblemen,  
 Wits, criticks, ladies, poets nurse the spleen;  
 'Tis a genteel disease, and ever bred  
 By duns, or affectation, or a bed.  
 Without delay on fam'd \* Cephalick call,  
 The Camisar shall cure you with his sal.

The master of the choir, averse to jest,  
 (With chiding eyes his ill-tim'd wit suppress'd)  
 Leap'd furious from his bed, and hasten'd to be  
 dress'd:

All his rich vests and sumptuous robes puts on,  
 His mohair cassock, and his tabby gown,  
 His purple gloves; that very rochet wore,  
 Which once the jealous prelate's fingers tore:

---

\* A Doctor in Paris, famous for Sal Volatile and Enthusiasm.

An ebon stick he held, and on his head,  
Snowy with winter age, a fatten bonnet laid:  
Quickning his pace, with fierce impulsive ire,  
He runs, he flies, and reaches first the choir.

\* O thou, who guided by the Delphick God,  
Sung, on the margin of a drouzy flood,  
Obstinate chiefs inur'd to deadly wars,  
'Twixt hostile Frogs and Mice immortal jars:  
† O thou whose muse's bold fantastick flight  
Did the Bolonian bucket's rape indite;  
Vile cause of war! all Latium to engage  
In bloody arms, the Helen of their rage!  
And ‡ thou who painted in a deathless strain  
The licens'd Homicides of Warwick-lane!  
(Phoebus to thee his double blessing gives;  
Thy musick charms us, and thy art relieves)  
Give energy to my enervat tongue,  
While the fir'd Chanter's flagrant rage is sung.  
What pencil can his indignation draw,  
When on his seat th' aspiring desk he saw!  
Mute, motionless, and pale, a while he stood,  
Horror, surprize, and grief benumb'd his blood;  
But his imprison'd words at length resound,  
And breaking thro' his sobs, a passage found.

See, Girot! see the Hydra that oppress'd  
My troubled soul, and broke my pleasing rest?  
Behold the Dragon! there he rears his head,  
And buries me in an eternal shade!

---

\* Homer's *Batrachomyomachia*.

† Alessandro Tassoni, *Author of La Secchia Rapita; an Italian Poem.*

‡ Dr. Garth.

Prelate, what have I done? what hellish rage  
 Makes thee ingenious to torment my age?  
 What! can thy waking malice know no rest,  
 Nor sleep nor night lull thy tempestuous breast?  
 O fate! must this opprobrious desk appear,  
 And cloud me in my proper Hemisphere?  
 Into a dungeon thus convert my pew,  
 Eclipse my glories from the publick view!  
 Unseen, unknown to all but God, my face  
 Must there be hid incog' in my own place!  
 What! must I sit ingloriously obscur'd?——  
 It is too much; it cannot be endur'd.  
 No, let us first the sacred altar fly,  
 Abandon heav'n, renounce the ministry;  
 Yes, let us cease our inharmonious pray'rs,  
 No longer offer musick to the spheres,  
 Nor deafen, with rude sounds, immortal ears.  
 Let us from this ungrateful church retire,  
 Nor see, where we're not seen, a thankless choir,  
 But then my rival triumphs on his seat,  
 And smiles insultingly at my defeat;  
 While on my pew this desk will still be borne,  
 And riding on its creaking hinges turn.  
 Forbid it, heav'n, or give me instant death,  
 And stifle foul dishonour with my breath!  
 Yes, faithful Girot, let us bravely die,  
 If we're too weak to move this infamy;  
 But this right hand shall tear the tyrant down;  
 'Tis lawful an usurper to dethrone:  
 Yes, e're we die, if noble death must come,  
 The rival desk shall, falling, share our doom.

Strengthen'd with rage, at these determin'd words  
 The furious Chanter seiz'd the trembling boards:  
 When, guided thither by auspicious chance,  
 Roger and John, two well known Chiefs, advance;  
 Renowned Normans both, equally skill'd  
 I' th' law, with knowledge and experience fill'd:  
 They hear his anger's source, his cause they own;  
 Yet counsel, nothing rashly shou'd be done,  
 Yes, they agree the Monster must not stand,  
 Nor must it fall by any private band:  
 But let th' assembled chapter view the fight,  
 And in full synod do the chanter right.

This sage advice repriev'd the threaten'd maſs,  
 And smooth'd the ruffled Sire's distorted face:  
 Then be it so, said he, let them appear;  
 Summon, without delay; the Chapter here:  
 Fly, and with holy yell the Dotards wake,  
 So shall they of our early grief partake.

At this discourse surpriz'd and froze they stand,  
 Regardless of their Sovereign's rash command.

Foolish and bold, says Roger, to injoin  
 A morning's work, I fear we must decline:  
 Betimes we ought to quit this party-fray,  
 Where 'tis impossible we shou'd obey;  
 Tho' from the distant street the piercing sound  
 Shou'd wake the snoring footmen, stretch'd around,  
 And penetrate, without the least regard,  
 That sacred calm, where noise is never heard.  
 Can you conceive, my Lord, when peaceful shades  
 Have bound 'em fast to their enchanting beds,  
 We shou'd the sluggard's iron slumbers break,  
 Whom six bells thirty years cou'd never wake?

Can two weak Chanters voices e'er perform  
What is a work for thunder or a storm?

The warm old man replies, I see what ends  
You wish, and whither this oration tends,  
I see, your dastard souls the Prelate dread;  
Yes, of the haughty Prelate you're afraid:  
Ye servile wretches, I have seen you stand,  
Bending your necks beneath his blessing hand.  
Go, still be slaves, still fawn, and lick and bow;  
I will the Canons raise without ye now.

Approach then, honest Girot, thou true friend!  
Whom neither bribes can shake, nor Prelates bend:  
Do thou the Maundy-Thursdays \* rattle take;  
Soon shall this engine make 'em hear and shake:  
The Sun a sight entirely new shall see,  
The droning Chapter up as soon as he.

This heart'ning speech made trusty Girot fly,  
And rake the dust of Holy Armory.

Now the lugubrious instrument refoonds,  
And every ear with hideous clangor wounds.  
Infernal Discord, pleas'd, prepares to head  
Her willing champions, and afford them aid;  
Then from the \* clam'rous hall, t' improve the fright,  
She calls the God of noise thro' shades of night.

---

\* La Cresse in French, an instrument used on Maunday-Thursdays instead of bells.

† Answerable to our Westminster-Hall: The Reader will please to apply it so as oft as he meets with it.



And now sweet sleep forsakes each wond'ring eye;  
 The street, astonish'd, rises at the cry :  
 At length the canons their strong fetters break,  
 Unseal their lids, and in confusion wake.  
 Monstrous and wild ideas each conceives,  
 And what his fancy breeds, his fear believes.  
 One thinks loud thunder splits the sacred choir,  
 The chapel burning with a \* second fire :  
 Others more sad and phlegmatick than he,  
 Guess'd it the toning of the † Tenebrae :  
 A third, still dozing with the fumes of wine,  
 Believes it noon, vows 'tis a laid design,  
 And grumbles that he was not call'd to dine.

So when returning Phoebus gilds the year,  
 And chears with genial warmth our hemisphere;  
 When zephyrs blow, and birds disus'd to sing,  
 Essay their notes, to welcome in the Spring :  
 Albion's bright Goddess, mov'd with Europe's tears,  
 Sends forth her Heroes to dissolve their fears;  
 With insulary thunder to prevent  
 The tow'ring giants of the continent :  
 The Louvre shakes, pale Louis tastes again  
 The terrors of a new Ramillia plain :  
 Th' Escuriai dreads Anna's recruited might,  
 And Anjou saddles for a second flight :  
 Parisian walls shall prove a ‡ weak defence  
 For \* Quixiot Kings, and each † Knight-Errant Prince.

---

\* Once burnt down, in 1618.

† The service in the Romish Church the week before Easter.

‡ The Translator prophes'd wrong concerning K. Philip, as appears by the event.

\* Don Philip.

† Chevalier St. George.

In vain does Terror urge; supine they ly,  
And wait between the sheets their destiny.

Girot resolves to rouse 'em and prepares  
A story, which he knew wou'd take their ears,  
Restore their senses, and expel their fears.  
I'm sent, said he, t' inform you from my Lord,  
A warm collation smokes upon the board;  
With art collected, it no dainty wants  
Which luxury can wish, or the rich season grants.

He spoke: all catch at once the welcome sound,  
Shake off dull sleep, and from their pillows bound,  
Headlong they press, as rapid lightning fleet;  
Yet swifter appetite out-strips their feet.  
Ready to break their necks, to break their fast;  
Each flatters, as he flies, his eager taste  
With entertaining thoughts of sweet repast.  
But, ah vain hope! fond man's delusive bait!  
Regardful of the cover'd hook too late.

The disappointed Chapter view their chief,  
And find they come not there to eat, but grieve.  
The Chanter in the most pathetick words  
(The best his interrupting grief affords)  
Reveals the sad misfortune to his friends,  
And his just cause to them and Heav'n commends.

Plump Ev'rard only durst propose to eat;  
Ev'rard's keen stomach did his zeal abate:  
The Canons fill'd with other thoughts, his vote  
Vanish'd unseconded, and soon forgot.  
When Allen rose; collected and prepar'd,  
He regularly hem'd, then stroak'd his beard,  
And claim'd, as Prolocutor, to be heard.

The learned Seer attention might demand ;  
 The only scholar in this reverend band !  
 The learned Seer had copious Baxter read,  
 And with old Bunyan cramm'd his muddy head.

Thus oft sublime, contiguous to the skies,  
 Sacred to dust, an empty garret lies ;  
 Till hir'd by some vile Quack, the furniture  
 Does all the happy lightsome space obscure ;  
 And what th' unlucky owner meant to grace,  
 Converted to an undigested mass.

Yes, Great a-Kempis he cou'd construe too,  
 And all his knotty passages undo.

Whence cou'd this stroke, said he, but from the womb,  
 Some younger sprig of old Socinus, come ?  
 It must be so ; we're in the Prelate's snare ;  
 These eyes saw Deist T—— visit there :  
 Satan endeavours, by that subtle fiend,  
 The Prelate to his purposes to bend.  
 Sirs, he most certainly has somewhere heard  
 That this litigious desk St. Louis rear'd :  
 Thus, grown polemical, he'll proudly think  
 To drown us all with deluges of ink :  
 Vast subsidies of paper-force he'll raise,  
 And make his Partizans find means and ways.  
 Now 'tis our duty timely to prepare,  
 And stand a resolute defensive war ;  
 Consult antiquity, the Scholiasts scan,  
 Let every text be bolted to the bran.  
 Consider, does Aquinas nothing say  
 Of desks ? none of the Fathers lean that way ?  
 I find this argument will ask much oil,  
 Close reading, indefatigable toil.

Then till Aurora kindles up the day,  
And lights her lamp, extinguish'd in the sea;  
Let every man by lots his portion take,  
And what our learned Doctors dictate, speak.

Struck with this unexpected speech, they stare,  
And each pale face betray'd uncommon care:  
Squab Everard with most concern appear'd,  
He shov'd, and press'd, and swore he wou'd be heard.

If at my years, said he, I turn one page,  
Or hurt with books these eyes too weak with age;  
May I, like thee, on musty paper feed,  
Turn book-worm, and be bury'd e're I'm dead.  
Let us, who know the use of living, live,  
Thy maigre body does thy soul survive.  
Go, macerate what flesh remains with books,  
We are not fond of such mean haggard looks:  
What others do, shall ne'er disturb my head;  
I neither Alcoran, nor Bible read.

I know right well the price of College-hay,  
Or what our farmers every quarter pay;  
On which good vineyard there's a mortgage made,  
And what and how the in'trest must be paid:  
Twenty large hogsheds, fill'd by my command,  
Rang'd orthodoxly in my cellar stand;  
These are my authors, there my study's plac'd;  
By them inform'd, substantial blifs I taste:  
And since all knowledge in opinion lies,  
Can, when I please, from thence be warm and wise.

As for this desk, d'ye think your books will charm  
The monster down? believe me, this right arm  
More expeditiously your work shall do;  
The Gorgon without Latin overthrow.

Whatever does offend me I'll remove,  
 Tho' all the Fathers shou'd the desk approve.  
 Let us to breakfast, and our sorrows drown;  
 So fortify'd, we'll knock the monster down.

This speech, supported by his jolly plight,  
 (Plump as if fed at both ends, day and night)  
 Revives their courage and their appetite.

The Chanter, now recover'd from his fear,  
 Rallies his senses, and declares for war.  
 Too long (he cry'd) has that foul Cer'brus' head  
 Obscur'd us with his \* treble-crested shade:  
 Let's instantly our fully'd fame restore,  
 And show at once our courage and our pow'r,  
 Yes, let us for this work some minutes fast;  
 This done, Messieurs, we'll make a long repast;  
 A breakfast which the morn to noon shall join,  
 And then but to a nobler feast resign.

Up rose the chief. The faithful cohort, charm'd  
 With these attracting words, his zeal confirm'd:  
 Then to the choir with fearless steps they go,  
 And there behold the bold usurping foe.  
 At this, to arms! tumultuously they cry,  
 And pour upon the common enemy:  
 The Axis now defends it self in vain;  
 What force cou'd such confed'rate pow'rs sustain?  
 Each honours with a blow his gallant hand;  
 The desk as bravely strove their rage to stand:  
 Firmly a while the Hydra kept his ground,  
 Till some dire hero gave a fatal wound;  
 Deep was the cut, he stagger'd with the blow,  
 And bow'd beneath his unexpected foe.

---

\* The Desk was of a triangular form.



At length for want of his great master's aid,  
The tott'ring lump with odds is overlaid.

So, batter'd by the north, a Russian oak  
Succumbs, unequal to the vi'lent shock:  
Or so, abandon'd by its girding wood,  
Sinks an old roof, which had for ages stood.

The captive boards in triumph are convey'd,  
And in the Victor Chanter's kitchen laid.

## C A N T O V.

**N**OW had the Morn unbarr'd the gates of light,  
And saw the Canons up; surprizing sight!  
Aurora blush'd to see her self out-shone  
By florid looks more ruddy than her own.

Brontin to Sydrac speedily repairs,  
And the misfortune of the desk declares;  
Old Sydrac wept for joy at his successful cares:  
In silent raptures building, as he stood,  
A thousand law-suits on the ruin'd wood.  
The youthful Sire grows vigorous and bold;  
Age has no ice, and winter has no cold:  
A sprightly warmth quicken'd his tardy blood,  
His veins recruiting with a brisker flood.  
Straight to the Prelate he betakes his flight,  
And with loud clamour opens to the light  
The melancholy scene, and crimes of night.

The Prelate, grieving to be rouz'd so soon,  
Impetuous leap'd from his enchanting down.

Gladly would Gilotin his stay detain,  
With a two-handed goblet of Champaign :  
The graceful bumper, wont to break his fast,  
With slighted smiles now lures his master's taste,  
Unmoisten'd and unblest'd, he straight prepares  
With extricating comb t' adjust his frizled hairs :  
Twice did the ivory break, and twice the box,  
In hasty grapple with confed'rate locks.  
So when Alcides spun, unbred to feel  
A weight so light, he broke the spinning-wheel.

Half-dress'd he goes. When, lo ! before his gate  
An ardent troop of Church-Militia wait :  
Resolv'd, at their affronted Lord's desire,  
Unanimously to desert the choir.

But the grave Sire, appealing to the laws,  
Condemns a project useless to his cause.

For future fate, said he, we ought to look  
In the mysterious Sibyl's sacred book :

Not far her cave ; come on, and let's submit  
To what expedient she pronounces fit.

All with one voice the sage advice approve,  
And tow'rds the bar the holy warriors move.

Her den groan'd horrible, while echo round  
Doubles th' affright, as she repeats the sound.

Amidst those Gothick pillars, which support  
The formidable hall, and awful court

Of Common-Pleas ; a famous fabrick's rear'd,  
Ador'd by lawyers, and by clients fear'd.

Here fools and knaves each term in shoals repair,  
Thinn'd with the diet of litigious air.

Beneath a hill of briefs, green bags, and scrolls,  
Here ev'ry morn a Hectic Sibyl howls.

Vain are the tears of orphans, vain their cries  
 To that foul monster, void of ears and eyes,  
 Call'd Chicanry, in learned modern stile,  
 Bulky with ruin, and o'er-grown with spoil.  
 While the wrong'd widow want of justice mourns,  
 And the vex'd air each empty groan returns;  
 Pale Want and Famine, like some injur'd ghost,  
 Stalk o'er the ground, and weep their treasures lost.  
 Infamous Poverty, devouring Care,  
 And everlasting Toil, and lean Despair,  
 And black Chagrin, compleat the mournful part;  
 The wretched offspring of her curs'd art!  
 Case-books and Codes the busy Hag consume,  
 And dies herself, to dig another's tomb:  
 At every meal the hungry fury eats  
 Fair palaces, strong castles, country-seats.  
 The bubbled suitors at their fate repine;  
 Gull'd with superfluous reams for solid coin.  
 A hundred times has Justice turn'd her scales;  
 So oft her guilty influence prevails.  
 Incessantly from trick to trick she runs;  
 And sometimes, like an owl, the day-light shuns.  
 Now, like a Lyon lashing his dull sides,  
 She stalks with fiery eyes, and frightful strides;  
 Now like a serpent through the herbage glides. }  
 Long has the justest Monarch strove in vain,  
 With Gordian knots this Proteus to restrain.  
 Her claws, by So——rs clip'd, increase in strength,  
 With ink discolour'd, and o'ergrown in length.  
 Ramparts and dikes of law, too feeble foes,  
 Resist th' invasion, but in vain oppose.

With creeping guile she saps the easy ground,  
Or with high-torrent breaks th' obstructing mound.

Sydrac salutes the fiend, and bending low,  
With distant awe reveres her wrinkled brow;  
Then tempting gold displays: she with delight  
Views the bright scene, and dwells upon the sight,  
When thus the Sire——Contention's mighty Queen!  
Unquestion'd you o'er Kings and peasants reign.  
Thro' thee, force useless is, and laws are weak:  
Statutes, like cobwebs, you at pleasure break.  
For thee the \* Norfolk Hind sweats at his plough;  
For thee his flocks are fleec'd, his meadows grow;  
For thee he yearly reaps his golden fields;  
To thee his rich Autumnal labour yields.  
If from my infant years I've thee ador'd,  
And seas of ink on thy dread altars pour'd,  
Disdain not, Mighty Goddesses! now to own,  
In his declining years, thy faithful son.  
Industrious Fautress of vexation, hear,  
And answer an imploring Prelate's pray'r;  
For on the ruins of his bright renown  
An envious rival has advanc'd his own:  
The desk destroying, with a forceful band;  
The desk, late re-erected by our hand.  
Exhaust thy fatal knowledge in this cause,  
Revolve the books, create eternal flaws,  
And with Daedalian wiles confound the laws.  
Be to thy darling sons those arts display'd,  
Which puzzle † Themis in the rules she made!

\* In the original it is men of Normandy, who like our Norfolk men, are remarkably litigious.

† The Goddesses of justice.

The Sibyl, wild with joy, thrice shriek'd aloud,  
 While her swoln visage glow'd with pois'nous blood;  
 Convulsive agitations rack'd her breast;  
 Full of the Daemon which her soul oppress'd:  
 Till in these words the loud Tornado broke;  
 And eas'd her lab'ring bosom, as she spoke.

My friends, dismiss your fears; you shall replace  
 On the proud Chanter's pew that war-creating mafs:  
 Arms you must take; so fate ordains; to arms!  
 Prepare, my sons, for glorious loud alarms:  
 May long, long suits ensue; and oh! beware  
 Never on any terms your cause refer:  
 Let all accommodation be abhorr'd;  
 Curst be the slave who listens to accord,  
 Curst be the wretch that mentions but the word!

She stopt, and foaming breath'd upon the throng  
 The same dire spirit late her breast had stung.  
 From the wild hag, the Daemon disengag'd,  
 Entred the herd, and like a tempest rag'd.  
 Headlong he drives 'em to the deep abyfs  
 Of law, unmindful of the precipice.  
 Demurrers, writs, injunctions, outlawry,  
 Exceptions, endless bills in Chancery,  
 In each undaunted champion's front appear,  
 And obstinately threat judicious war.  
 All, flush'd with fancy'd victory, return;  
 They quit the less'ning cave, and with new fury burn.

Mean time, the Canons far from noise and care,  
 Indulge their senses with delicious fare.  
 The servants under thirty chargers sweat,  
 And the full board groans with the fav'ry weight,



Each glutton hunts, and garbles out nice bits,  
 And, as his fancy dictates dainties, eats :  
 The Pasties irritating salt excites,  
 And kindles up their thirsty appetites.  
 When ( oh ! uncertain state of human things ! )  
 Light-footed Fame unhappy tidings brings,  
 Reports with trembling lips and visage pale  
 The oracle, and all its dire detail.

The Chanter, warm'd with muscadine and rage,  
 Arose, resolv'd the Prelate to engage.  
 He to the Sibyl will consult, and try  
 What is reserv'd for him in destiny.

Plump Ev'rard the deserted banquet mourns,  
 And still, with strong desire of feasting, burns.  
 But the regretting Epicure they tear,  
 Born off by numbers to the dreadful bar.

Thro' various paths, oblique and dark, they draw  
 Near to the clam'rous market of the law.  
 At length they reach the celebrated hall,  
 Where mercenary tongues unweary'd bawl :  
 In om'nous black, like Priest, each Proctor plies,  
 And serves his client up for sacrifice.  
 Here the shop'd Syrens make a busy show,  
 But get their bread by what they vend below :  
 Here crafty Bibliopole all authors sells ;  
 Wit, learning, arts and sciences retails :  
 Mingling, without distinction, good and bad ;  
 Here Dryden, next him Ogilby is laid :  
 While Boyle and B——ly blended, well accord ;  
 And Rowe and Settle grace one common board.

The Chanter now with formidable noise,  
 Exalts his shrill Ecclesiastick voice :

Urging his forward way——when, oh dire chance!  
The Prelate and his Myrmidons advance.  
Each rugged hero, with encountring eyes,  
His rival's louring front alternately surveys:  
Sullen and dumb disdainfully they stop,  
An equal madness choaks and swells 'em up.

\* So two fierce bulls, who rival passions share  
For some lov'd heifer, meditate a war:  
With jealous rage fir'd at each others fight,  
They quit the pasture, and prepare for fight;  
Bowing their necks, each his curl'd forehead shakes,  
While from their blood-shot eyes their inward fury  
breaks.

Ev'rard, by Boirude elbow'd, found his spleen  
Began to swell, and stimulate within;  
To Biblio's shop he bent his hasty course,  
A Cyrus seiz'd, and with gigantick force  
Th' unwieldy volume at the Sexton threw;  
He politickly judg'd it: and withdrew;  
But hissing as it went, it Sydrac struck  
Full on the chest; who sunk beneath the shock:  
The Sire, by † Artamene forc'd to yield,  
Fell breathless, the first victim of the field.  
His friends with pain beheld his overthrow,  
And sympathizing felt themselves the blow.  
Now against Ev'rard twenty champions dart,  
And all resolve to batter down a part:  
The Canons their assaulted Brother spy,  
And forward, to sustain the onset, fly:

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\* *Virg. Georg. Lib. 8. v. 21.*

† *Artamene, the name of Cyrus in Scudery's Romance.*

Discord, triumphant in the turbid air,  
Gave a loud shriek, the signal of the war.

Now nothing's heard but clank and warlike din;  
All mingling, enter Biblio's magazine:  
Poor Ev'rard sinks beneath a booky show'r;  
Twelves, Quarto's, Folio's, and Octavo's pour.

So when destructive Boreas marches forth  
With his impetuous forces of the North,  
In storms of icy rain he ploughs the air,  
Lays waste the fields, and makes the orchards bare:  
Throws down the blooming honour of the boughs,  
The promise of the teeming year, and lab'ring gard-  
ner's vows.

All arm themselves with ammunition-books,  
Contract their brows, and threaten with their looks:  
One with vindictive hand light Durfey shakes;  
Another, Wycherly more weighty, takes;  
A third tore Wesley from the dusty wood,  
Where long untouch'd the mouldy Epick stood:  
A fourth up-heaves a leaden Basnage high,  
Stuff'd with Rabbinical philosophy.  
Lo! a tremendous Typhon guards the front,  
With enterprizing Lintot's name upon't.  
Oh! had'st thou, mighty nurse of dulness, liv'd  
I' th' bright Augustan age, we had receiv'd  
The Bavian works entire; Maevius by thee  
Had been immortal as \* The Hollow Tree.

The absent Biblio's prentice strives in vain,  
Their more than Gothick madness to restrain.  
Volumes aloft, a leathern tempest, fly;  
And clouds of rising dust involve the sky.

---

\* *A Comedy printed for Bernard Lintot.*

They bruise for bruise exchange, and wound for wound,  
And heaps of books and bodies raise the level ground.

Here tuneful Waller on the pavement lay,  
And near him Quarles once more beheld the day:  
Here Aristotle flew, Descartes there;  
The Heroes met, and \* jostled in mid air.  
Numberless books appear'd this mighty hour,  
Which scarce were seen, or ever known before.  
Here Parthenissa and Cassandra flew;  
Romantick weight did real strength subdue.  
John Dunton too was seen, a wondrous sight!  
To dust retir'd, re-visiting the light: }  
And tow'ring, the † dead author took his flight.  
Next him, from its belov'd recess is torn  
An English Cheyreau, dead as soon as born.  
The Rights o' th' Church alone unshaken stood,  
And grinning, smil'd at sight of Priestly blood.  
A Keeble's statutes, with unfriendly weight  
Of crabbed law, bruis'd Girot's empty pate.  
When rough Alcippus felt a sudden shock;  
Th' Arabian Tales his wounded shoulder struck:  
Indolent sheets! 'till now unus'd to bear }  
The rough fatigues and barbarous rage of war,  
Supinely in soft dreams you lull'd the fair!  
Some luckless hand a fresh Eliza throws  
At Clotho's head, and smote him 'twixt the brows;  
When, strange effect! the brawny Priest began  
To yawn and stretch; lethargick stiffness ran

---

\* Descartes's *Philosophy* is founded on contrary principles to Aristotle's.

† Dunton writ letters from himself, as dead.

Thro' all the magazines of vital heat;  
 The veins no more life's quick'ning task repeat;  
 The soporiferous rhymes benumb'd his breast,  
 And with strong Opiats forc'd him down to rest.

Clelia wag'd Amazonian war around,  
 And bore down many a hero to the ground.

'Twas by her aid alone Gorillion's name  
 Reap'd glorious laurels, and a deathless fame.

\* Ten times by her he signaliz'd his arm,  
 And murd'rous bruises dealt and mighty harm.

But to stout Fabri's virtue all must yield;  
 Fabri the foremost champion in the field!  
 Hatch'd of a sturdy consecrated brood,  
 Nurtur'd i' th' church, and cradled up in feud;  
 Robust of body, and of mind as hard,  
 No danger his intrepid soul debarr'd,  
 And equally for all events prepar'd:  
 To fight or eat he never wou'd decline;  
 Nor knew the use of water with his wine.

His single arm whole squadrons overthrew;  
 He Guibert, Grasset, and Grangullet slew,  
 Beau Garvase, and insipid Guerin too.

And now the Prelate's vanquish'd forces fly,  
 Renounce their strength, and on their speed rely.  
 Fabri as fast pursues the scatt'ring train,  
 Wounds 'em behind, and drives 'em o'er the plain.

So have I seen a tim'rous flock of sheep  
 Affrighted run, and in their hurdles creep;  
 When some fierce wolf, the Louis of the wood,  
 Attempts the fold, to feast himself with blood.

---

\* Clelia is in ten volumes in French.



Or when Pelides shook his thund'ring spear  
On Xanthus' plains, the terror of the war;  
The Ilian troops struck with imperious dread,  
Behind their rampires in confusion fled.

When thus, to sinking Boirude, Brontin spoke;  
I see, illustrious Sexton, in thy look  
Some seeds of antient prowess: oh my friend!  
Let's to the last our righteous cause defend.  
What shall one Canon over us prevail,  
And with his single weight thus turn the scale?  
Shall it be said, one warrior bore away  
The glory of the cope and this decisive day?  
No; never let that envious babbler, Fame,  
Tarnish the lustre of thy dauntless name.  
Come, and \* behind my screening body stand,  
This bastion shall secure thee from his hand.  
Here, at his head fair Man——y's works let fly;  
And may they prove as killing as her eye!

Boirude recall'd his spirits to his aid,  
And when collected force th' advice obey'd:  
By Brontin cover'd, takes delib'rate aim,  
And at the warriour darts the missive dame.

The tender Auth'refs softens on his crown,  
And guiltless of a wound, fell feebly down.

Ye miscreant pair, said Fabri, thus you see  
My front rebates your soft artillery:  
Think ye, that I, who like a castle stand,  
Can fall, the conquest of a female hand?  
Judge, if my arm, with mean exploits content,  
Does on its errand send an innocent.

---

\* Iliad. l. 8. v. 267.

Lo ! here ! a Folio, ting'd with floods of gore,  
Shall crown the carnage of this bloody hour !

With this, he Fox's Book of Martyrs chose ;  
Four-ill join'd boards the coverture compose ;  
Burrow'd by worms, and edg'd with iron round ;  
And with an old black sheep-skin half-way bound :  
No filken ties it had, but at each hasp,  
Hung by three nails a remnant of a clasp.  
Firm as it stood upon the bending shelf,  
No human force could stir it but himself.

This Fabri seiz'd, and brandishing on high  
A-tiptoe stands, and guides it by his eye ;  
Then at the trembling slaves, half-dead with fear,  
Flings with both hands the thunderbolt of war.  
And home it went : with one disastrous wound  
Both heroes fell, and measuring bit the ground.  
Torn with the nails, and pounded by the wood,  
The pavement swam with gushing streams of blood !  
They churn'd the dust, and gnash'd their teeth, and  
And down the stair-case o'er each other roll'd. [howl'd,

The Prelate saw their fall with ghastful eyes,  
And sent to Heav'n a scream that pierc'd the skies.  
Struck back with horror, and appall'd with fear,  
He curses in his heart the God of War.

With silent indignation he retreats,  
Yet still the Chanter in his mind defeats.  
Then rallying his lost spirits, makes a stand,  
And from his Cassock draws his vengeful hand.  
Yes, said the mighty chief, tho' armies fail,  
These blessing-giving fingers shall prevail.

Forward he moves, and upward turns his eyes,  
Then stretch'd his fingers forth in holy wise.

Kneeling in heaps, the passengers receive  
 The benedictions he prepares to give,  
 With politick design to turn the root  
 Upon his foes, who durst not stand him out.  
 The zealous vulgar force down all they meet,  
 Nor will they suffer one to keep his feet.

Th' out-witted adverse host, confounded stare  
 At this unthought-of stratagem of war,  
 And dread the storm approaching from afar. }  
 Vainly the trembling Chanter seeks for aid  
 From his own courage, or his firm brigade :  
 By both forsaken, he too now must fly,  
 Or fall before his haughty enemy.

The consternated troops themselves disband,  
 Yet none escapes the swift-pursuing hand.  
 Driv'n on each others backs, and spur'd by fear;  
 Still hangs the conquering finger on their rear.  
 Ev'rard, in hopes to hide his threaten'd head  
 From holy insult, to a corner fled.  
 The watchful Prelate saw his close retreat,  
 And straight march'd up, his conquest to compleat.  
 Then turning to the right, he wheel'd around,  
 And bless'd the frighten'd champion to the ground.  
 Thrice he erects his rebel head in vain,  
 The lengthen'd finger forc'd him down again,  
 Oblig'd to kneel, because the mob's so near;  
 And what he owes to rev'rence, pays to fear.

The Prelate to the temple makes his way,  
 To taste the fruits of this victorious day.

The Chanter and the Canons too return,  
 And inly their defeated project mourn :

Vanquish'd by pious fraud, in crouds they press'd  
Thro' the throng'd doors, at once both maul'd and blest.

## CANTO VI.

**W**HILE all things thus, to outward view, concur  
To fan the fire, and carry on the war;  
'True Piety who long had lain conceal'd,  
And to the \* Alps her exil'd head reveal'd;  
Deep in her desert hears the mournful cries,  
Which from Lutetia's distant walls arise.

Up rose th' angelick form, for well she knew  
Th' imploring accents of her faithful few.  
The heavenly maid quits her divine retreat;  
Faith leads the way, with safe unerring feet;  
Gay Hope supports and hands her in the course,  
While Charity attends her with the purse.  
Tow'rds the Parisian gates her flight she bent,  
Where with a holy confidence, the saint  
At Themis' feet prefers her just complaint.

Oh virgin! thou who dost my shrines support!  
Scourge of the bad, and the good man's resort!  
No human passion can o'er thee prevail;  
Nor aught, but right, turn thy impartial scale!

---

\* La grande Chartreuse among the Alps.

Shall I ne'er come to thy salubrious arms,  
But thus, in tears and sighs, to give alarms?  
Is't not enough that in despite of thee  
My name's assum'd by vile hypocrisy,  
That her rapacious hand shall seize my due,  
My Croziers, Mitres, and Tiara too?  
Must I behold my heritage laid waste,  
My vineyards made a prey to each wild beast.

In stormy times, and when my reign was young,  
My god-like sons, with holy ardor stung!  
Wou'd face a tempest, and, prepar'd to die,  
The thunder of a tyrant's rage defy:  
Soon as baptiz'd in martyrdom expire,  
And from the front run joyful to the fire.  
With my inspiring name their souls were fill'd,  
And only breath'd the doctrines I instill'd.  
To high preferments call'd in church or state,  
True to my rules, they scorn'd the glittering bait,  
Nor mounted the world's stage but with regret. }  
Those hearts that did no racks nor tortures shun,  
Wou'd from a Mitre's proffer'd honour run.  
Fearless of pain, and toil, and earthly loss,  
Thro' thorns, and over rocks they bore the cross.  
In vain did gaping hell's artillery play;  
Pressing to Heav'n they forc'd their glorious way.  
But when the church her altars had immur'd,  
With the cementing blood of saints secur'd;  
When christen'd Kings had smooth'd her stormy face,  
A dangerous calm succeeded in the place!  
A slack indiff'rence stagnated the flood,  
Deaden'd their spirits, and benum'd their blood:



The ardor of their burning zeal decreas'd;  
 And lagging faith their load of sins confess'd,  
 The mortifying monk, grown debonnaire,  
 Shook off the ashes, and his coat of hair.  
 The Prelate, by intrigues prefer'd to place,  
 High living held to be sufficient grace;  
 A cross and mitre, painted on his coach,  
 Virtue enough to silence all reproach.  
 Humility to stalking Pride gave way;  
 And in the \* frock's foul grease ambition lay.  
 Then Discord soon the ties of love unbound,  
 And to my sacred cloysters entrance found:  
 There with my wealth she built her strongest forts,  
 Dragg'd all my subjects to litigious courts.  
 In vain my bending knees her steps prevent;  
 Under my banners march'd this insolent.  
 False teachers next, in numerous crouds arise,  
 To fill the measure of my miseries.  
 Then dangerous heresies began their reign,  
 And execrable maxims craz'd the brain.

‘That ’tis enough to dread the Pow’r above,  
 ‘And servile fear’s prefer’d to filial love,  
 ‘That God necessitates the doing ill,  
 ‘By pre-determining his creatures will,  
 ‘That Reason is the only sovereign Queen,  
 ‘And faith no evidence of things not seen.’

Church-champions me with formal lips address,  
 And at my feet for absolution press:  
 Pure to the outward eye, but foul within,  
 Place all their virtue in confessing sin.

---

\* *Frock, a Monk's habit.*

Chas'd by these trait'rous black attempts, I fled,  
Propitious Heav'n my exil'd progress led,  
To seek a calm retreat, a Halcyon cell,  
Where deadly colds and freezing vapours dwell :  
Those hills with everlasting ice confin'd,  
Where Winter never yet to Spring resign'd.  
Ev'n there the news of my misfortunes flew,  
My fears return'd, and old wounds bled anew.  
This day too faithfully a voice I heard,  
Fraught with disastrous news I little fear'd.  
That temple, where a King of \* holy name,  
Devoted all his toils, and fruits of fame ;  
Whose pompous form, and wealth immense reveal  
The flowing grandeur of the Founder's zeal :  
Lo ! now with lux'ry fill'd, and soul debate !  
Boundless their pride, implacable their hate :  
Honour and duty, empty sounds, are fled ;  
While tyranny erects her Hydra-head.  
And wilt thou, Sister, with indiff'rent eyes  
Behold their malice, and my cause despise ?  
And shall this temple, to my glory rais'd,  
Where thronging vot'ries once ador'd and prais'd ;  
Shall it be fill'd with sacrilegious war ?  
For combatants the shameful theatre ?  
Oh no ! at length let thy sworn vengeance burst !  
Impunity too long their crimes has nurs'd.  
Arise then, Themis, shake thy flaming rod ;  
Absolve the Heav'ns, and vindicate a God !  
Thus to her Sister spoke the plaintive dame ;  
Grace kindling in her eyes aethereal flame.

---

\* St. Louis, Founder of the Holy Chappel.

Themis assures an undeferr'd redress;  
With cordial speech thus chearing her distress.

Dear holy Sister, thou whose ears and eyes  
Were never shut to others miseries;  
But still with thy officious helpful hands,  
Hast wip'd away their tears, and loos'd their bands.  
Why dost thou sorrow thus without relief,  
And give thy heav'nly charms a prey to grief?  
Swell not those beauteous eyes with causeless tears,  
Nor entertain anticipating fears.  
What if thy lukewarm subjects ardor cools,  
Warp'd by a prosp'rous sunshine from thy rules?  
On an eternal rock thy church is built,  
And fortify'd with blood of martyrs spilt.  
'Tho' hell its firm foundations should assail,  
Yet never shall the gates of hell prevail.  
'Midst all the show'rs of persecuting darts,  
Thy name still cherish'd lives in faithful hearts.  
Yes; in this very place, now up in arms  
To crush thee, and dishonour all thy charms,  
Thou shalt return; their fierce debates shall cease,  
The storm be hush'd, and all compos'd to peace.  
Lo! yon vast dome, by mortals much rever'd,  
Where suppliant clients at all hours are heard;  
There sits a matchless man, and bears in state  
My honourable purple's pompous weight:  
For me, his valuable health impairs;  
Nor does the lab'ring Sun see half his cares:  
Aristus he——  
By Heav'n and Heav'n's Vicegerent justly chose,  
To rule my ballance, and dispense my laws.

Now on my throne, by him confirm'd, I see  
The bench redeem'd, and rescu'd bar set free  
From hostile arts of howling chicanry.

Fair Truth, invited by his friendly aid,  
Returns assur'd, and lifts her chearful head;  
At foul imposture's name she shakes no more,  
But triumphs o'er the fiend she fear'd before:  
Inhuman guardians now no longer dare  
Prey on the orphan, and devour their care.

But wherefore do I vainly thus aspire  
To paint the man thou know'st, and all admire?  
Aristus is thy work, his image thine,  
'Twas thou that form'd him, like thy self, divine;  
And brooding o'er the infant's tender shell,  
Gave him in spotless merit to excel:  
Thy lessons with the early milk imbib'd,  
Are nobly in his nervous sense describ'd.  
His soul thus fir'd with thy celestial flame,  
Ne'er made one base degen'rate step to shame.  
His hardy zeal, for useful action made,  
Ne'er rusted in the dark monastick shade.

Haste, Sister, and the god-like man address;  
His opening gates thy presence will confess.  
All know thee there; for all thy laws observe,  
And imitate the pious man they serve.  
One glance from thee will pierce his inmost soul,  
Which love, nor fear, nor hatred can controul.  
Thy aspect's silent rhetorick shall gain  
What earth-born eloquence may ask in vain.

Thus Themis spoke. Her Sister's ravish'd ears  
Blest the sweet musick that allay'd her fears;

Then wing'd with joy, she to Aristus flies,  
 And obvious to his intellectual eyes,  
 The Goddess thus bespoke her faithful friend;  
 In vain thy courage and thy zeal contend  
 To justify my cause, and rights defend;  
 If impious Discord \* at thy doors presume  
 Thus to insult me, and my throne assume.

Within those walls, once holy and renown'd,  
 (Strangers to ev'ry inharmonious sound)  
 Poison'd by Discord's stimulating rage,  
 Two mighty pow'rs in adverse arms engage:  
 With cruel feuds my altars they profane,  
 While piety exalts her voice in vain.  
 Thou then, to whom th' oppress'd for aid appeal,  
 Do thou their sharp religious ulcers heal.  
 Save me from splitting on these dangerous shelves;  
 Save them, Aristus, save them from themselves!

She spoke; the hero leaves, and sinks in air;  
 A while he lay in extasy of pray'r:  
 All cover'd o'er with flames divinely bright,  
 He own'd the lovely virgin's heav'nly light.

And now recover'd from the dazzling view,  
 Convenes the Prelate and the Chanter too.

But, oh my muse! in this sublimer part,  
 Aid my faint spirit, and inspire my art!  
 Unequal I, to sing the man, or tell  
 How by his mighty art fierce Discord fell.

---

\* The Chappel was near Mr. Lamoignon's Palace.

Mr. Lamoignon (the Aristus of Boileau) was Premier President; a place of law and equity too.



What god-like cares, and what Herculean toils  
He pass'd, to reconcile the church's broils.

Thou rather who the mighty cure apply'd,  
And broke their stubborn sacerdotal pride,  
Inform the list'ning age what wond'rous skill  
Supply'd the Chanter's heart, and cool'd his zeal.  
Thou know'st, by what prevailing counsel wrought,  
With his own hands th' invidious desk he brought;  
And how the Prelate, pleas'd with his devoir,  
Soon sent it back, and banish'd it the choir.

Speak thou these miracles; I've done my part,  
And spun out eighteen hundred lines by art.  
Nor let the man's attempt be rashly damn'd,  
Who from a simple desk a second Iliad fram'd.

Still burns the muse to speak the hero's praise;  
And with thy name immortalize her lays.  
But when she measures the transcendent height,  
Her feeble wings decline the dangerous flight.  
The trembling sounds are dash'd upon her tongue,  
And Admiration interdicts her song.

So in the famous hall where Themis sways,  
And re-inthron'd by thee exerts her rays;  
A youth, who fain wou'd to the bar proceed,  
And from a hearing counsel call'd to plead:  
At length, surrounded with black gowns and fears,  
The awkward wrestler at the bar appears;  
Entering the lists, his virgin motion makes,  
But soon the oil his fault'ring tongue forsakes:  
Thy awful presence thunder-strikes his sense,  
And disarrays his puny eloquence.  
The blushing orator attempts in vain,  
The thread of his distracted speech to gain:

On the last word tenaciously he dwells,  
 And lengthens out the bashful syllables;  
 Paining the court with passions not their own,  
 He stammers, pauses, stops, and speechless grown,  
 With shame oppress'd, young Cicero plunges down. }

## F I N I S.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**N justice to the memory of Mr. Cobb, late School-master of Christ's-Hospital, Mr. Ozell thinks himself oblig'd to own, that that ingenious friend of his wrote many of the brightest lines in the preceding piece; part whereof was likewise done by Mr. Johnson : the rest, perhaps the dullest part, as well as the greatest, was done by himself the said Ozell.

